Cohorts of Fear—*Freda Kirchwey*

THE Nation

April 14, 1951

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Government by Whitaker and Baxter

The Triumph of Chrome-plated Publicity

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Is Gottwald Next?

BY HUBERT RIPKA

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APR 14 1951

Vote of No Confidence

BY WILLARD SHELTON

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE PRESIDENT'S PATIENCE WITH GENERAL MacArthur's meddling with policy and virtual insubordination has ceased long ago to be a virtue. It would be difficult for him to relieve MacArthur solely on the basis of the letter which was used by House Republican leader Joe Martin as an opportunity to air MacArthur's criticism of the President's policies on the House floor. But this is not the first time that MacArthur has publicly attacked the President's leadership in both diplomatic and military affairs. Instead of subsiding after the Veterans of Foreign Wars incident, when he was gently rebuked by Mr. Truman, MacArthur has kept up guerrilla warfare against the President's policies. Last week a British correspondent quoted him as saying that in the differences of opinion between the government and himself it was not he, the soldier, who trespassed on the political field but the politicians who interfered with the soldier. The General insisted that the great question of how to extricate ourselves and the U. N. from the Korean situation, with the honor of both upheld and the fighting kept to the narrowest limits, should be decided by the Field Commander, not by the constitutionally designated Commander-in-Chief advised by his aides in the State Department and the Pentagon who have the advantages of a world view.

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OVER LAST WEEKEND REPORTS MOUNTED that MacArthur would be sharply reprimanded or recalled from duty. Hitherto the White House has wished to avoid an open break with the Far Eastern commander while the Japanese peace treaty is pending. When the treaty is concluded, MacArthur's original responsibility in the Far East will be over, and it may be easier to invite him to return home. But months may pass before the treaty is sealed and ratified, and in the meantime MacArthur's apparent determination to keep up a running fire on the President can do incalculable damage. If the General chooses to abandon his post and appeal to the people, he has every right to express his opinions freely, but he should not be left in command when he is being used—and anxiously seeking chances to be used—to voice attacks on his superior military officers and on the civil authorities to whom he and his superior officers are responsible. The principal question is not even whether MacArthur is right and the President wrong in the matter of using Chiang Kai-shek's divisions and American sea and air forces to open a second front against the Chinese Communists. The question is who is to run this country's foreign and military policy. MacArthur should no longer be allowed to try to run it from Tokyo.

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THE BIG FOUR CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN Ministers now seems assured even if the debate is prolonged for a couple of weeks. It has already taken too much time to draw up an agenda, and for the general public the discussions in Paris have often been as incomprehensible as they were exasperating. Outwardly the Western deputies have stuck together insisting, on a broad agenda against the initial Soviet effort to make the rearmament of West Germany the sole important topic. But underneath Western unity, energetically maintained to foil any splitting attempt on the part of the Russians, considerable differences of opinion were perceptible to anyone who followed the performance in detail. The French want the ministers' conference on almost any terms. When Gromyko, in a move to counter Western insistence on broadening the agenda, asked for the inclusion of the Atlantic Treaty, the French reaction at first was to agree even to this. If a total discussion of everything was wanted, why be afraid of touching the Atlantic Treaty? The British who, especially since Mr. Morrison became Foreign Secretary, have tried hard to prevent a breakdown in the talks, did not like the idea of an over-expanded agenda, but understood the difficulty of demanding that the Foreign Ministers deal with other causes of world tension besides the rearmament of Germany and then opposing inclusion of a new item. Ambassador Jessup has found himself in the uncomfortable position of having to take into account anti-Soviet feelings and political pressures at home as well as the realistic factors of the situation as it developed in the course of the Paris debate; for him any concession is harder to make than for his Western colleagues. The debate has practically turned into a duel between Jessup and Gromyko. But the fact remains that, should the full conference be held, this in itself would be a concession since, only a few months ago even the idea of a Big Four meeting was regarded as appeasement.

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MR. TRUMAN TOOK HIS FIRST DECISIVE STEP to save the mobilization program from Charles E. Wilson's bull-in-the-china-shop blunders when he appointed his new top advisory board and won labor's agreement to participate. Wilson's broad powers, which he frequently describes with utmost relish, were not formally reduced, but clearly the President has intervened to make sure that labor's just grievances against Wilson are settled equitably. If Wilson understands the true requirements of his job, he will use the new board as an instrument of cooperation. Instead of making arrogant remarks about union leaders, he will persuade industry to consent to the creation of a labor-disputes board and a workable wage-stabilization policy. He may even discover, as he sits with the advisory board, that union leaders with their special knowledge and connections, can make a vital contribution to the social organization of a democracy. The members of the board named by the President seem to represent the best leadership in the fields from which they are drawn. If Wilson will heed their advice, and when necessary perform the skilled mediation required to bridge clashes of interest, he may repair his reputation as the President's deputy in charge of mobilization. Considering his past actions, that is a good deal to hope, and labor's acceptance of a place in the new advisory group will not automatically solve all problems. But Mr. Truman himself plans to meet his advisors at least once a month and will probably soon learn whether Wilson is constitutionally incapable of handling issues effectively.

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SOME TIME AGO DR. LINUS PAULING OF THE California Institute of Technology accepted an invitation from the Regents of the University of Hawaii to dedicate a new chemistry building on their campus. The regents have now voted unanimously to rescind the invitation on the ground that Dr. Pauling, a distinguished American scientist, is "unfit," because of his "activities and affiliations" with subversive or un-Hawaiian organizations. The sole basis for this charge is certain findings of California's notorious Tenney committee. We feel sure that the regents are unfamiliar with this group's weird inaccuracies and witch-hunting techniques. It is a reasonable inference that the regents were needled into taking this action by the Tenney committee or its Hawaiian counterpart and affiliate, the Hawaiian Legislature Commission on Subversive Activities. But the question is not whether the Tenney committee's findings are entitled to quite this degree of reverent respect; the real question relates to the responsibilities, in these times, of institutions of higher learning. If universities capitulate so easily to this sort of political blackmail, they will forfeit their independence and integrity. And to act without asking Dr. Pauling for explanation hardly measures up to the standards of Hawaiian hospitality.

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Britain's Outlook

BRITAIN'S economic survey for 1951 combines a notable record of past achievement with a warning that future prospects are "in many ways harsh and unpleasant" because reconstruction must now play second fiddle to rearmament. Last year marked a new stage in Britain's recovery from the losses, stresses, and dislocations of World War II. By comparison with 1947, when the first of these annual surveys was published, industrial production was 30 per cent and export volume 60 per cent greater. A balance-of-payments deficit of $1,526,000,000 in the earlier year was converted into a surplus of $641,000,000. The past twelve months also saw a dramatic improvement in the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves which rose by no less than $1,612,000,000, but this was not an unalloyed blessing: in part it reflected failure to import sufficient quantities of raw materials to maintain stocks.

Commenting on the progress made since 1947, the survey stresses two major contributory factors: generous American aid, without which "the process of recovery would have been far more painful if not impossible," and the willingness of the British people to work hard and accept austere conditions of living. A major part of Britain's increased production has been absorbed by exports and by essential domestic investments. Personal consumption in the past four years increased by only about 5 per cent, although account must also be taken of an increase in what may be called "communal consumption" brought about by extension of the social services.

The British government's first aim, the survey declares, is now the execution of a greatly enlarged and accelerated rearmament program. "It cannot, however, be the sole objective. The potential military strength of this country depends upon a well-equipped industrial system, a healthy population at home, and an ordered balance of overseas payments." To meet the demands of defense without impinging seriously on investment requirements or halting the expansion of exports will be immensely difficult for Britain, since it has practically no unused margin of resources. In fact, unless the estimated 4 per cent increase in production proves too low, the equation of supply and demand can be solved only by some contraction in personal consumption.

The estimate may also turn out to be over-optimistic, for the output of many industries is threatened by shortages of essential raw materials, including sulphur, zinc, copper, iron ore, steel scrap, and cotton. At the same time the rising cost of such materials, most of which must be imported, threatens Britain's balance of payments. Exports, therefore, must be enlarged at a time when the metal-working industries, which account for 40 per cent of all exports in 1950, must divert part of their capacity to defense work. Thus efforts to sell abroad textiles and other consumer goods must be redoubled, which means that supplies for the domestic market will be curtailed. At the same time the pressure of demand is growing greater owing to increases in money incomes; so that a new threat of internal inflation is developing. Not surprisingly, therefore, the survey hints at strong counter-measures, including increased taxation; but just what form these will take will not be known until the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents his budget to Parliament on April 10—too late for comment in this issue of *The Nation.*

NO COMMENT

INVITATIONS to the celebration of the Hungarian Communist Independence Day, sent out by the Hungarian Legation in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, were written in Russian.—From a dispatch by Gaston Coblentz in the New York *Herald Tribune* for April 5, 1951.

[*Readers are invited to contribute to "No Comment"; $2 will be paid for each item printed.*]

The Cohorts of Fear

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE vitality of American liberalism is not to be measured by the volume of indignation directed against McCarthyism or against the outpourings of ex-Communists bent on expiating their past sins. It is easy to attack such inviting targets, and since it is also necessary to do so, many a liberal or independent radical feels his job is done when he lands a direct hit on either one. McCarthy's open and calculating use of false denunciation to spread fright and reinforce with public suspicion his own political forays against the party in power has so much in common with totalitarian tactics everywhere that decent democrats have to fight it as they would fight an invading army. As for the refugees from the far left, the harm they may do is just as grave, for they clothe their fanaticism in the lingo of liberalism and, like all psychotics, seek through the destruction of others the destruction of what they fear within themselves. Both constitute a clear and present danger to the freedom on which this democracy must feed—or die. From them springs much of what is unreasonable and oppressive in the government's security measures; the repressions that have sucked the vigor and independence out of radio and films and injected the pure poison of Peglerism; from them—but from the McCarthys in particular—stems also the epidemic of official timidity that has turned too many liberal public men into cringing facsimiles of their enemies on the right.

But more alarming than these direct effects of the blackmail of the extremists is their subtler influence upon

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countless people who not only detest repression but consider themselves immune to the current virus of fear. At this moment, when solidarity among liberals and progressives was never more needed, a process of disintegration is going on which can only end in all-out victory for the fear-mongers—both the calculating and the obssessed. I could name, but will not for the sake of the intended victims, at least three liberal organizations in which a top official is under pressure or direct attack because of past left-wing associations, or denunciations by interested outsiders, or "listings" published by some Congressional witch-hunting body. In no case was the person accused or even suspected of being a Communist. These particular instances may be cleared up without serious damage to individual or organization. That they could occur at all must be taken as a warning, for never would they have arisen in a time less ruled by terror.

TODAY liberal journals which rush to the counter-attack when McCarthy moves into action turn upon other journals whose views are somewhat farther to the left than their own. The *New Republic's* surprising blast against the London *New Statesman and Nation* was an unhappy example of this. The article by Richard Strout comparing the *New Statesman* with the Chicago *Tribune* —since each bombards with equal vigor the country of the other—was not in any real sense an argument on the issues involved. It was basically an attack on the British journal and its editor, published at a time when the propriety of British dissent from American policies needs the warm support of liberals on this side, even those who disagree. The criticisms of the United States printed in the *New Statesman* have been sharp, and a few have certainly, in my view, been too sweeping, but the function of a friendly liberal journal in this country should be, I would think, to set the record straight without resorting to equally sweeping criticisms of its contemporary. Kingsley Martin, in his major rejoinder, restored the argument to the level of friendly debate. But my own feeling, after reading the exchange and the letters commenting on it, was close to that of a reader, John H. Bunzel of California, who said: ". . . the *New Republic*, along with a diminishing number of more or less similar voices in the United States today, constitutes the 'liberal' oasis in a reactionary desert. . . . It strikes me as being . . . strategically absurd to lower your sights for a single page from the much more serious dangers of the conservative coalition in this country simply to take a few pot shots at a British journal which is still more *with* you than *against* you." This is well put; I think one can go farther and say that the cold war against Soviet totalitarianism will not be advanced by this strife among brothers, but the war for a democratic Western policy may easily be lost by it.

A somewhat similar journalistic attack appears in the current *Commentary*, a monthly of liberal Jewish opinion. Written by Granville Hicks and entitled The Liberals Who Haven't Learned, the article uses *The Nation* as a surviving example of those liberals of the 20's and 30's and even 40's who, for one reason or another, cooperated with Communist and fellow-traveling organizations. As a bit of only-yesterday reminiscence the essay is interesting if, here and there, inaccurate in detail. But the author, as evidence of the continuing illusions that possess some liberals, cites this journal's eighty-fifth anniversary issue on "Peace with Russia, Can It Be Negotiated?" and particularly this writer's contribution to the issue, a discussion of the Korean war in terms of its political implications. The result is, of necessity, an amazing distortion of fact. Somehow Mr. Hicks manages to find in *The Nation* symposium, which represented the varied views of an impressive cross-section of expert opinion, liberal and otherwise, and which arrived at no concerted conclusions, enough "pro-Soviet" bias "to color the entire issue."

This rather labored attack is perhaps a poor example of the liberal in-fighting which I am here considering. For Mr. Hicks is himself an ex-Communist, whose conversion yielded one book and a number of articles (so I am in no danger of serving here as informer), and who may share with other former comrades a natural distrust of those who never joined the fraternity. His animus may be revealed in the curious passage in which he refers to this writer's presence on the "executive board" of the *New Masses* along with John Dos Passos, Rex Stout, and other non-Communists when it was founded in 1926 and when, according to Mr. Hicks, "the Communists controlled it and it was purely an instrument of Communist propaganda." The *New Masses* was not in fact controlled by Communists when it was founded or indeed for several years afterward, as Mr. Hicks could ascertain if he would ask one of its then editors. But it is at least odd that he should make so flat an error. Mr. Hicks himself after the *New Masses* had come under Communist control, was for five years one of its editors —a fact he fails to mention. But actually his article is not as hostile as these errors might lead one to expect. It is, rather, a typical instance of verbal sniping, a verbal brickbat flung by one liberal—or supposedly liberal—organization in the direction of another with which it happens to disagree. Mr. Hicks refers to the "time when *The Nation* spoke for all the liberals"—although the main point of the article as a whole is just the contrary—and comments sadly on the "fragmentation of liberalism" today. One can only say, with equal sorrow, that Mr. Hicks's article is a symptom of that fragmentation and one I was sorry to run across in *Commentary*.

It must be evident to all persons of independence and a sense of their own rights as citizens of a traditionally free society that a mighty effort must be made to over-

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come the debilitating fears which have turned liberals into a league of frightened men. It is not enough to say that Russia is to blame, or McCarthy, or any of the assorted un-American activities committees. Nor is it conscience that has made cowards of us—unless we accept Mark Twain's cynical definition of the word. The facts are the reverse. Russian doctrines and threats feed on McCarthyism as McCarthyism feeds on the divisions in the ranks of liberal democrats. There is no party discipline which can hold those ranks together or make them toe a line—and there is no "line." But unless some courage and sense of solidarity develop and liberals stop clearing their own skirts by spattering those of their colleagues, unless they abandon the servile habit of looking over their shoulder before making a move, then the battle will be lost. Then the fanatics of all breeds will simply take over and America will deserve the suspicion and hostility with which it is even now too generally regarded by liberals and other democrats abroad.

Vote of No Confidence

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, April 5

MR. TRUMAN today accepted with the best possible grace the result of the Senate's debate on sending troops to Europe. Since the resolution as finally passed approved Administration plans to send four additional divisions this year, the President interpreted the action as showing that the country "stands firm in its support of the North Atlantic Treaty" and recognizes that our security "is intimately bound up with the security of other free nations." Perhaps this will be the verdict of history. But the Administration swallowed so many restrictions in order to get through any resolution at all, and suffered so many defeats in the course of the voting, that the entire sequence looks much like an expression of little or no confidence in the President's policy. It is difficult to see how it could be regarded otherwise in European countries.

For days the Administration program was whittled down, amputated, and punctured. Tactically and psychologically the President's supporters were outmatched. While time was equally divided between friends and foes, the debate seemed dominated by the opposition, headed by Taft, Wherry, Hickenlooper, and McCarthy. Two of the most effective spokesmen for the Administration were Republicans, Senators Lodge and Ives. Ives and the Democratic McMahon took the initiative in making the major proposal designed to improve the resolution rather than weaken it, and on this critical occasion they could not even get the united support of the Democratic leadership: Senator McFarland, the floor leader, split with Senator Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. McFarland once was driven to confess with wringing of hands that he simply did not "have the votes" to prevent emasculation of the resolution.

The parliamentary tactics of the opposition were brilliant. On the key amendment—a proposal by Senator McClellan, Arkansas Democrat, that the President be required to come hat in hand for further Congressional approval if in the future he wants to send more than four divisions to Europe—the Administration first won a narrow two-vote victory. A few hours later its opponents forced a reconsideration, changed three votes, rounded up some earlier absentees, and triumphantly passed the amendment by a six-vote margin. Similar methods obtained the adoption of the McCarthy amendment urging that Spain and West Germany be added to our allies. McCarthy lost on the first test, but when he brought up a revised version the next day, a solid phalanx of forty-six Republicans, plus two Democrats, wrote the amendment into the resolution. The Republicans could have done it alone; on this as on other occasions so many Democrats were absent that the G. O. P. for practical purposes was the majority party.

Talking privately during these events, Democratic spokesmen explained the result in various ways. "Mink coats" was one excuse, a reference to the blows dealt the Administration by the Kefauver and Fulbright investigations. Another was "poor liaison" between the White House and Capitol Hill. "Political maneuvering" just before an election year was mentioned of course. It was even suggested that Republican intraparty politics had a lot to do with things. "Whether Bob Taft realizes it or not," said one Senator, "he is cutting down Eisenhower." Eisenhower is Governor Dewey's candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination and believes with Truman that Western Europe must be defended with ground troops, including American divisions. On the day the General assumed formal command of the forces of the North Atlantic coalition and called for generous, swift American support, the majority of the Senate Republicans, led by Taft, voted for the McClellan amendment. The next day thirty Republicans—almost exactly two-thirds of the party delegation—voted to send the whole proposal back to committee; despite Eisenhower's prodding, they showed no desire to expedite approval of even the initial four divisions.

Add all this up, and the result indicates a low point in Mr. Truman's influence with Congress. A month ago, when the Administration's troops-for-Europe program suffered a partial defeat in committee, it was generally believed that victory would be retrieved on the floor. On the contrary, the muddled "compromise" written into the committee draft by Alexander Smith was clarified in the direction of isolationism. The President's position was made worse rather than better by

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adoption of the McClellan amendment. Senator Wherry, his cup of joy brimming over, stage-whispered from the floor to the high press gallery, "This is the Wherry resolution"—the view that no troops should be sent without advance Congressional approval had been upheld.

Substantively the debate was at a low level. The most powerful argument against the Administration's policy was Senator George's reminder that the North Atlantic Treaty did not provide for self-implementation and that assurances were given two years ago that the President would consult Congress before sending forces to carry out our treaty obligations. But nothing said two years ago implied that specific Congressional action, through a formal resolution, would be required every time a navy task force, a fighter squadron, or a division was moved. American sea and air forces, plus supporting ground units, have already been sent to Great Britain, North Africa, and the Mediterranean in implementation of the Atlantic Pact, and the Senate has not insisted on its right to approve such action in advance. In principle the dispatch of ground divisions is no different. Congress can exercise its veto power by withholding appropriations. It can properly ask to be consulted—though Presidents in the past have felt it necessary to move forces secretly. But the Senate cannot say that it is constitutional for the President to send the air force to Britain and unconstitutional for him to send an armored division to France or Germany. So the debate in a sense was a fraud.

The Senate was ruled by a collection of deluded legalists, bitter-end isolationists, self-appointed admirals and air strategists, and men who were simply angry at Harry S. Truman. Not the least remarkable achievement was Senator McCarthy's in phrasing the amendment on Spain and West Germany in such a way as to get the support of every Republican, including Aiken, Ives, Morse, Tobey, and Margaret Chase Smith. Only Democratic Senators—among them, some who honestly believe that we should embrace Franco—voted against the McCarthy amendment. Led by Russell of Georgia, they argued that the explosive question of Spain should not be handled in a resolution involving a treaty already signed by powers that are unwilling to associate with Franco. But they lost.

Near the close of the debate diehard opponents of troops for Europe declared that the Senate had not tied the President's hands, that the vote on the McClellan amendment was merely advisory and lacked the force of law. They also made it clear that they hoped Joe Martin and the House Republicans would pick up the ball and run with it; they specifically invited the House to take their work, change it in form to a joint resolution, send it back for Senate approval, and force the President into an even tighter corner.

The U. A. W. Convention

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Detroit, April 5

THE current convention of the United Automobile Workers (C. I. O.) may well prove to be the most important labor assemblage in years. It is the first convention to be held since labor's walkout on Charles E. Wilson; the first since the mass-meeting called by the United Labor Policy Committee in Washington on March 21, at which labor voiced its wrongs.

The Automobile Workers are carrying the ball for the workers as a whole by virtue of their victories in the post-war period. A year ago, during the Chrysler strike, management was outraged by the union's demand for the funding clause for pensions. When the Chrysler strike was over, funding was established as the only method satisfactory to labor for safeguarding old age pensions.

After winning the hard-fought Chrysler strike, the U. A. W. painlessly secured the General Motors contract, which was generally considered almost revolutionary in union-management agreements and which has set a pattern for all labor with its escalator and cost-of-living clauses. As this contract and the Ford contract, which followed it, will raise wages more than the 10 per cent permitted by the wage-freeze order, they may easily lead to a showdown between the U. A. W. and the Administration. In this connection Walter Reuther said:

> We have our basic contracts. . . . we fought Mr. C. E. Wilson of General Motors to get these contracts; and we will fight C. E. Wilson of General Electric just as hard to keep them. The fight of labor in Washington transcends the interests of labor alone. This is a fight for all the American people. . . . We are not fighting the government. . . . We are fighting big business, which is trying to take over the government.

There is no other union quite like the U. A. W. Its members are fiercely loyal, jealous of their rights, afraid of nothing, scrappers from the word go. Every local has an arrogant, touch-me-not personality. The Auto Workers were born into factionalism and nursed on contention. Naturally the proposal, made on the second day of the convention, that dues be increased $1 a month was unpopular. But as Emil Mazey explained in a lucid speech, raising dues was a vital necessity to the union at this moment. U. A. W. dues have always been low—only $1.50 a month up to now. The union has made gains since 1946 of 59 cents an hour in wages and 21 cents an hour in such things as hospitalization, insurance, pensions, and holidays. With dues of $2.50 a month, there will be no more strike assessments.

It seems strange that this modest increase should have been opposed at all. Yet there were fierce arguments

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against it, primarily because the rank and file are always suspicious of a pork-chopper—meaning a paid union official. Some of the delegates tried to play union politics with the issue. There was interference with delegates speaking over the microphone. But Reuther's virtuosity in guiding his restless membership approached genius.

The pay-off came in the voting. An opposition proposal for a roll call, requiring 700 votes for consideration, was able to muster the support of but 495 of the 2,000 delegates present. It was a personal triumph for Reuther, who must have vivid memories of the bitterly fought conventions of 1946 and 1947, when he needed all his skill to retain his power.

Alert to the gossip that he wants to trade his position as president of the United Automobile Workers for that of United States Senator, or some other government job, Reuther scotched these rumors when he said: "My heart belongs to the U. A. W., and that is where I'm going to stay."

Echoing labor's disappointment in the Democrats, the convention voted overwhelmingly to attempt to forge a new, united American labor movement. The union's leaders were instructed to meet with representatives of the C. I. O., A. F. of L., United Mine Workers, railway brotherhoods, and bona fide independent unions with a view to "the development of organic unity out of joint action and joint struggle on the economic and political fronts." Reuther suggested that the United Labor Policy Committee call a national union conference early in 1952, in advance of the Republican and Democratic conventions, which would state labor's aims and program and declare its independence of both parties. Specific criticisms of President Truman's mobilization program were expressed, but proposals for forming a third party were rejected in favor of a resolution urging the support of a liberal coalition in 1952.

Reuther's greatest strength is his ceaseless relation of the parts to the whole, his seeing the U. A. W. in universal terms. If you look through his principal statements of recent years, you see that they form a unified whole. In his statement before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate in the middle of 1948 he outlined a program which would have effectively checked inflation had it been carried out. His plans for domestic prosperity and European rehabilitation were bold, comprehensive, and practical. Three years ago he foresaw the differences that have developed between Charles E. Wilson and labor and recommended a broadly representative advisory board as a solution.

His far-flung plan "A Proposal for a Total Peace Offensive" was transmitted, with a letter, to the President soon after the North Korean attack. It advocated taking "the price tag off of peace" through an annual expenditure of thirteen billion dollars for developing and expanding the economic resources of the world, especially in backward regions.

This concern with the nation as a whole—the world as a whole—is what sets Walter Reuther apart from most of the other labor leaders in this country and gives to his union ever greater importance.

Is Gottwald Next?

BY HUBERT RIPKA

IN RUSSIA and its satellites purges are considered normal political occurrences. Now it is Czechoslovakia's turn. Vladimir Clementis, Mrs. Marie Svermova, and Otto Sling have been arrested and accused of being spies, traitors, and agents of capitalist imperialism. Last week the names of three Prague envoys were added to the list: Vladimir Clutrata, ambassador at Washington; Adolf Hoffmeister, ambassador at Paris; and Rudolf Bystricky, ambassador at London—all friends of Clementis. The West is speculating about the real reason for this move with more interest than it has displayed in Soviet house-cleaning in the past. Does the charge of "nationalist deviationism" against the arrested leaders mean that there is, or was, a genuine Titoist movement in Czechoslovakia? Or is the purge part of Soviet military preparation—the elimination of weak spots in satellite governments?

The source of the Titoist evil, in the Russian view, is "bourgeois nationalist deviation," the doctrinaire term for the tendency of satellite Communists to place national aims above revolutionary discipline and unswerving devotion to Moscow. The success of a Titoist movement, however, depends upon special conditions, among which are a favorable geographical location, the inclination toward the West of the international balance of power, and exceptionally strong local leadership. Czechoslovakia's location, all but encircled by Soviet-controlled territory, is not as advantageous as that of Yugoslavia. The help which Czechoslovak resistance can hope for from the West will of course depend largely upon the

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military and moral strength the West can build up, a matter in which the solving of the German remilitarization problem will play no minor role.

Tito's effectively centralized control of internal Yugoslav politics can also be contrasted with the situation in Czechoslovakia. Whether or not the Russians are now wiping out rebel party elements—or indeed, whether or not such elements existed—there is little evidence that President Gottwald, even if he wanted to, could declare Czechoslovakia's independence from the Soviet Union and make his declaration stick. I find it hard to believe that the type of personal authority and local party unity which set Tito free from Russia exists in Czechoslovakia, or in other satellite countries; much more than a mere nationalist yearning is necessary to escape from Russian domination.

Klement Gottwald

Although Clementis, the former Czech Foreign Minister, was a life-long, devoted party member, a "good" Communist, his career was not unblemished in the eyes of Moscow. At the same time he commanded little respect from his comrades in the Czech Communist Party, who always disliked his overbearing ways; nor did he have the character or the moral and intellectual courage to be a true schismatic.

AFTER Hitler occupied Prague in 1939, the Comintern sent Clementis to Paris, where he made no effort to hide his bitterness from his comrades in exile. He strongly criticized the Hitler-Stalin pact. In 1945, at a time when the Communists were primarily concerned with consolidating their control over the post-war Czech government, he paid a visit to Moscow in his capacity of secretary of state in the Foreign Affairs Ministry. Clementis himself told me that Stalin asked him, in the presence of Molotov, whether he still believed that the pact Molotov had concluded with Ribbentrop was such a grave mistake, implying that the pact was Molotov's, not Stalin's, personal project. Embarrassed by Stalin's ironical though shrewdly phrased question, Clementis admitted having given an evasive answer. Later, however, Stalin invited him to his country villa and there apparently assured him of absolution. At any rate, until he fell from grace last March, Clementis thought of himself as enjoying Stalin's special favor. Apparently, his rather capricious adherence to the Moscow line was suffered in the Kremlin only so long as he could be considered a useful tool.

Clementis is accused not only of the crime of conspiring with Western governments but also, and justly, of a special brand of national deviationism—Slovak nationalism. If he is made to pay for this transgression he will suffer for something which at one time at least was entirely in keeping with Moscow's policy. Gustav Husak, the former chief of the Slovak governing Board of Plenipotentiaries, was imprisoned less than a year ago for Slovak nationalism. Husak was also a fanatical Stalinist, and in 1944, after the Slovak uprising against the Germans, he had gone so far as to advocate incorporation of Slovakia into the Soviet Union. However, last spring he was reported to have confessed to the "crime" of having failed to appreciate the "strength of the Czech working class" and of having desired to weaken Slovak ties with Prague. Now that it is expedient for the Soviet Union to bring this separatist movement to a halt, the men who might destroy the illusion that all is serene behind the Iron Curtain must be eliminated.

The other two Czech dissenters, Sling and Mrs. Svermova, were allegedly plotting to usurp the party leadership and ally Czechoslovakia with the West. Mrs. Svermova, formerly deputy secretary general of the Czech Communist Party, was the widow of Jan Sverma, a Communist war-time resistance hero. There is a persistent rumor that when Sverma, suffering from tuberculosis, was leading a partisan group in the Slovak mountains, his chief rival, Rudolf Slansky, secretary general of the Czech party and a member of the special staff that directed Communist partisans in Central Europe during the war, did not evacuate him, although Sverma's life depended on it. The implication is that Slansky was responsible for Sverma's death. Both Mrs. Svermova and her husband were immensely popular in the Czech Communist Party; Sverma is said to have been second in prestige only to Gottwald. The fact that her husband had so promising a future in Czechoslovak politics made his loss all the more bitter for Mrs. Svermova; and in all probability back-stage rivalries played a part in her arrest.

The specific charges against Clementis and Sling mask an offense considered far more serious in Moscow—membership in a clique known as the "London group," a tight little circle of Communists who were in England during the war and who have since been particularly devoted to Gottwald. Clementis and Sling are not the only "London Communists" who face liquidation. The group is being systematically sifted for men who, though loyal party members, can no longer be counted on to go along with the ultimate phases of a Moscow-conducted revolution. Among those who have already been elim-

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inated are Eugen Loebel, former Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, and Vilem Novy, editor-in-chief of the leading party newspaper, *Rude Pravo*. Others are being stripped of their power by degrees. Mrs. Anezka Hodinova-Spurna, vice-president of Parliament, and Karl Kreibich, ambassador to Moscow, hold their posts in name only. Vaclav Nosek, Minister of the Interior, is in the same situation; control of the police force has been taken from his ministry and vested in a separate Ministry of National Security, with Ladislav Kopriva, a man noted for his brutality, as its chief.

Long before the war these leaders had worked consistently for the Communist cause in Czechoslovakia. In London, during the war, they were separated from the party command, which had fled to Moscow. Before Russia entered the war, a few of them may have taken issue with the Kremlin on occasion, but they all were accepted back into the fold. After the putsch in February, 1948, they continued to hold high office, obeyed Moscow's orders, and supported in every way the process of integrating Czechoslovakia into the satellite system. Why does Russia no longer consider them reliable? If the Kremlin were honest enough to reveal the actual trouble, how would the indictment of the accused Communists read?

I BELIEVE that the Czechoslovak leaders, tattered as was their nationalism, began to feel that the stringent measures of integration had become intolerable. As had been the case in other satellite countries, a new stage had been reached. The time had come for Czechoslovakia to be "sovietized." At this point relations between Prague and Moscow developed dramatic tension.

Some months ago the Russians began to insist on transporting certain Czech armament and heavy-industry plants to eastern Poland and to Russia itself. Not only were the physical installations to be removed, but the skilled laborers necessary to operate the factories were to be evacuated. It is hard to believe that the most fervent Stalinist could swallow such disastrous economic depletion of Czechoslovakia, whose economy had been more stable and far more advanced than that of any other East European country; the effect could only be to lower drastically the standard of living.

Popular feeling about such extravagant demands can be ignored by the Kremlin but not by Gottwald, who knows that national impoverishment will alienate the working classes, even the Communists among them, from the regime. No doubt the Russians believe that this preoccupation with public opinion is a left-over from the era of "petty bourgeois democracy." Gottwald's crew obviously are not of the stuff of the hard-boiled Bolsheviks. Only in Czechoslovakia among the satellite countries were the Communists a legal and effective political party during the inter-war period. The democratic habit of watching the barometer of working-class opinion was formed at that time, when they, like other parties, had to compete for labor's vote.

Thus the purpose of the present purge is not, strictly speaking, to wipe out any well-organized Titoist movement. It is rather a dose of preventive medicine. When the Cominform accused Tito and his collaborators of treason to the Communist cause, it was assumed that Yugoslav Communists would themselves liquidate the traitors. Tito, however, had the apparatus of the party well in hand, including the police and the army, and it was he who did the liquidating. In Poland the traditional hatred for Russia was so persistent that it was necessary to bring in the Russian Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky to maintain order. In Czechoslovakia the appearance of an independent state may be preserved. Instead of attacking the top leaders like Gottwald directly, the Kremlin is depriving them of all effective support in the government machinery.

The drastic measures taken in Czechoslovakia, in my opinion, are based on military considerations. If war comes, the satellites must be firmly controlled and their valuable industrial assets kept safe inside Russian territory. Some light industries have been liquidated, having been thought superfluous to mobilization and a liability if a Russian retreat should ever require a scorched-earth policy. The quickening tempo of these preparations has probably been caused by the international tension, which has been increased by, among other things, Western plans to rearm Germany. I have the impression that most Americans fail to realize the intense fear aroused in former Nazi victims, in both Eastern and Western Europe, by the possibility of a new German Reich. They underestimate the cooperation they may sacrifice if they nurse Germany back to strength. The purge in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere, while it tells us that organized resistance is at present impossible, reveals that discontent in the satellites is real and widespread. This might vanish, however, if German military power were restored. On the other hand, if the satellite states did not need to fear Germany, a strong appeal to the nationalism in the hearts of both Communists and non-Communists might pay off.

Vladimir Clementis

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Government by Whitaker and Baxter

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, April 3

ON AUGUST 16, 1949, Senator James E. Murray of Montana was boiling mad. A fantastic new weapon had just been added to the arsenal of the American Medical Association, something called "Whitaker and Baxter"—"a chromium-plated publicity firm" the Senator called it, "the biggest, most powerful, most unscrupulous lobby in Washington." The occasion of the Senator's anger was the defeat of the Administration's proposal to transform the Federal Security Agency into a Department of Welfare, as recommended by the Hoover Commission. The plan had seemed to be having smooth sailing when suddenly, out of nowhere, came a flash flood of telegrams condemning it; eloquent spokesmen against public health insurance appeared on the last day of the hearings as if by magic; and the propaganda of the opposition circulated a photograph of the rather portly Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, who was believed slated to head the new department, with the caption "Don't Make Ewing Any Bigger—He's Too Big Already."

In handling the A. M. A.'s $3,500,000 campaign against the Administration's health-insurance program for an annual fee of $100,000, the husband-and-wife firm of Whitaker and Baxter is making its debut in national politics, but Californians have long been familiar with government by Clem and Leone. Beyond any doubt, these talented hucksters have had more direct influence on California's legislation in the last fifteen years—and I speak of influence, not of power—than any combination of politicians or of special-interest groups, including the entire trade-union movement. In the last fifteen years Whitaker and Baxter, sometimes functioning as Campaigns, Inc., has won fifty-five out of sixty state-wide political campaigns in California. The first public-relations firm to specialize exclusively in political public relations, Whitaker and Baxter is, indeed, something new in American politics. Having discovered from a wealth of experience some of the sub-surface changes which have been taking place in American politics in the last twenty years, the firm has evolved a style of operation which makes the old-fashioned boss and lobbyist completely obsolete. Whitaker and Baxter has ushered in a new era in American politics—government by public relations.

Clem's father was a Baptist minister and a Republican; his uncle, Robert Whitaker, was a Baptist minister and one of California's best-known Socialists. Poet, speaker, pamphleteer, Robert Whitaker was for some years field secretary for the American Civil Liberties Union. Clem became a journalist at an early age. One day his mother went to the editor of the Willits *News,* in the little town of that name in Mendocino County, and said, "Can't you do something to get my boy off the streets?" Thus at the age of thirteen he was given a chance to write his first story at a type case. A few years later he went to work for the Sacramento *Union* and was covering the state capitol before he was eighteen. After a brief period in the army in the First World War he was back in Sacramento as city editor of the *Union,* earning $25 a week and feeling rich.

Sacramento is famous for its shade trees, floods, and political intrigues. It was here that Clem received his undergraduate training in politics, first on the *Union* and later as daily columnist for the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* under Fremont Older. From 1921 to 1930 he also operated the Capitol News Bureau, a service which he organized to provide a string of eighty-odd California newspapers with political news from Sacramento. Later the bureau was sold to the United Press.

He had never thought of politics as a career until one day his barber told him of the trouble this talkative profession was having with a bill to create a State Board of Barber Examiners. Though lobbyists even then outnumbered legislators in Sacramento four to one, Clem undertook to get the bill through the legislature for a contingent fee of $4,000. With some adroit steering, the bill passed with only seven dissenting votes. Instead of lobbying the legislators, Clem had lobbied the principal backers of the legislators in their home districts.

Although Whitaker knows more about politics than any other living Californian, his own political beliefs are a mystery, except that he has always been opposed to capital punishment. One day Fremont Older telephoned him that Noel Sullivan, the wealthy San Francisco patron of art and other causes, was willing to finance a lobbying effort in support of a bill to abolish capital punishment. With the backing of the Hearst press Whitaker put on a campaign that attracted national attention. Casually pulling a chair up to the desk of his friend, Senator John B. McColl, he directed the debate

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CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor and the author of many books, is an active liberal in California politics. This is the first section of a three-part article on government by public-relations agencies. The second, to appear next week, will describe the campaign to defeat public-health insurance, first in the California legislature and then in the United States Congress.

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from the floor of the Senate. From time to time he would nudge McColl and tell him what to say.

The bill went along swimmingly and might have passed but for two untoward happenings. First, the lobbying activities of Whitaker's assistant, the comely Frances Vickers, became so blatant that they drew the fire of the opposition. For a week or more "the lady in gray" was too prominent a feature in the news from Sacramento. The second bad break was the commission of a particularly atrocious murder in San Diego on the eve of the final roll call. Had the murderer postponed his crime for a few days, he might have escaped with a sentence of life imprisonment.

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Whitaker and Baxter

The legislature that defeated Senator McColl's bill to abolish capital punishment in 1933 passed the Central Valley Project Act, also sponsored by Senator McColl, which authorized the issuance of $170,000,000 in revenue bonds. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company immediately sought to repeal the act by referendum. Senator McColl was from Redding, the political hub of northern California and a community intensely interested in Shasta Dam—one of the major constructions of the Central Valley Project. The Redding Chamber of Commerce sent its manager to Sacramento to confer about the referendum. The manager was a beautiful young lady with red hair, green eyes, and a deceptive mildness of voice and manner. Born in Portland, she had worked for a time on the *Oregonian*. She had gone to Redding in 1929 and had soon become one of the first women to manage a Chamber of Commerce in the United States. Her name, of course, was Leone Baxter.

THE future partners of America's first political public-relations firm met in the Sacramento law office of Sheridan Downey, a partisan of the Central Valley Project but not yet United States Senator. It was Downey's suggestion that the campaign to defeat the referendum should be run by Whitaker, the experienced newspaperman, and Baxter, the shrewd Chamber of Commerce tactician and organizer—this was perhaps the most penetrating insight of the Senator's career. Clem and Leone were not married until some years later, but then and there the firm of Whitaker and Baxter came into being.

It may not be the perfect marriage, but it is certainly the ideal partnership. Together the two members take on qualities greater than the sum of their separate talents. They are not collaborators; they are a single political personality. In chatting with them, you have the feeling of being unfairly pitted against a team—or an act. Both partners avoid personal pronouns; every reference is to the firm, the entity. She is never Leone but always "Baxter," and he is seldom—and only somewhat forgetfully—Clem.

There is no division of functions between the partners; on the contrary, they insist on being interchangeable in all phases of their work, on reflecting a single point of view. To create this illusion, they make it a practice to plot the day's work at a long two-hour breakfast conference, exchanging ideas, bringing each other up to date, and deciding what "Whitaker and Baxter" thinks about the issues of the hour. They avoid separate speaking engagements, usually appearing on the platform together, splitting the subject between them. This is all done consciously and, so the partners say, because they like to work together; whatever the reason, it makes for a nearly perfect fusion of the male and female points of view in American politics.

The senior partner is a tall, smiling, immensely likable person, with mannerisms which derive from the by now nearly extinct tradition of "Ned" Hamilton, Ambrose Bierce, and Fremont Older in San Francisco journalism. When we had lunch together recently, he was wearing a light gray suit with a violet tie, the shade of which was just sufficiently insistent to suggest that it was worn as the badge of a suppressed romanticism, some book of poems unpublished, some novel unwritten. Baxter, the sea-green eyes protected by tinted sun glasses, the red hair demurely covered with a soft white snood, kept purring gentle assents in a manner that suggested that she was making private ironic comments on the folly of male animals.

THAT first campaign—in 1933—was the toughest the firm of Whitaker and Baxter has ever managed. For one thing, the opposition was the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, an astutely managed monopoly with unlimited funds and vast experience in blocking public-

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power legislation. For another, the campaign had to be run on a meager budget of $40,000. Nevertheless, the referendum was voted down, by the narrow margin of 33,603 votes. Knowing that Southern California would automatically oppose any measure for the special benefit of Central California, Whitaker and Baxter concentrated on rolling up huge majorities in the rural counties to be benefited—twenty-five to one in Kern County, thirty to one in Contra Costa. The revenue bonds were authorized, but strangely enough they were never issued, and when an attempt was made to "unfreeze" them by another initiative in 1938, Whitaker and Baxter managed the successful opposition campaign for Pacific Gas and Electric! Since 1938 P. G. and E. has wisely kept the firm on an annual retainer.

After 1933 Whitaker and Baxter was really in business, often handling as many as five or six initiative campaigns in one election. It directed the California League Against Sinclairism in 1934. The list of its victories is too long to give in full, but it includes two initiative campaigns for the California Teachers' Association to raise salaries; passage of the state Employees' Retirement System Act, the state Civil Service Act, the Riley-Stewart tax plan, the state sales tax, and the state income tax; defeat of the single tax; campaigns against the Hetch Hetchy bond issue and the Garrison Revenue Bond Act; establishment of the first old-age-pension system, conducted for the Eagles, a fraternal order; campaigns against Ham 'n' Eggs and the pension scheme of "Gorgeous" George McLain; defeat of legislative reapportionment; repeal of the "full-crew" law. These campaigns, won by Whitaker and Baxter, decided the key issues of fifteen years of California politics.

The firm also managed Earl Warren's successful campaign for the governorship in 1942—it taught him to smile and brought the large Warren brood into the limelight; elected George Hatfield as lieutenant governor in 1934 over its old friend Sheridan Downey in a campaign in which all mention of Downey's name was avoided; elected Goodwin Knight as lieutenant governor in 1946—one of its more unforgivable victories; and after the defeat of George Reilly for mayor of San Francisco, one of its rare setbacks, managed Mayor Roger Lapham's successful campaign to defeat a recall. Its gracious waiving of a fee for this service was even rarer than its setbacks. By 1945 people were saying in California, not "What are the odds?" but "Where are Whitaker and Baxter?" The stage was now set for a major triumph—the defeat of Governor Earl Warren's health-insurance plan.

Victory for the French Workers

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, April 2

IN THE great wave of strikes, beginning on the Paris underground, which swept in a few days across all France, comic relief was provided by the headlines and dispatches in some very democratic British papers on how the Queuille government was gallantly "fighting the strikes" and maintaining railway and bus services. Three cheers for the cops running the underground trains—about one every half-hour—at the risk of their own and their passengers' lives!

The Paris Métro strike was merely the spark that caused French working-class discontent to burst into flame. Time and again in the last few months the trade unions had warned the government that it was high time something was done about the rising cost of living. When M. Queuille took over the government, he seems to have had the strange idea that it was merely a caretaker government which would prepare for the elections, leaving the labor situation to take care of itself. But several days after the bus and underground strike had broken out and was threatening to spread to other branches of transport and to industry, the mild-looking little man did some strong-man stuff on the radio, saying he wouldn't tolerate this and wouldn't tolerate that. "The strike," he declared, "must not become an attempt to assassinate France." The "assassination" of France, however, went a stage farther the next day, when not only the Paris suburban lines but nearly all long-distance trains came to a standstill, the gas and electricity workers threatened to walk out, and the building, engineering, and dozens of other trades seethed with demands. For my part, I had not seen anything quite like it since the great stay-in strikes of 1936, which forced on the employers and on Parliament the forty-hour week, holidays with pay, and collective bargaining. This time the workers' aims were not so ambitious. But one thing the recent strikes had in common with those of 1936 was the *very widespread, not to say unanimous, popular support for the strikers.*

Writing in *Figaro,* Raymond Aron angrily sneered at "these great pseudo-spontaneous strike epidemics for which our country has such a regrettable capacity"; but

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actually all the trade unions—Catholic, Socialist, and Communist—were behind the strikes, and even if it is true that in many cases the Communist C. G. T. led the way, working "from below," the very fact that the others—had they wished to—could not resist the movement is highly significant. Despite much disagreement among the trade-union leaders, the rank and file revealed something of the old Popular Front unity.

By Thursday, March 22, the government, after a week of doing nothing, suddenly burst into feverish activity. Throughout the week the Socialist and M. R. P. members, pestered by their respective unions—the Force Ouvrière and the C. F. T. C.—had been at sixes and sevens. Finally M. Queuille was shaken out of his lethargy, and on Friday the government announced that the minimum wage would be raised between 11 and 15 per cent, the cost of living having gone up 12½ per cent in the last seven months. It is too early to say exactly how wages in both the "public sector" and the "private sector" will be affected by the raising of the minimum rate and other concessions that may have been won, but it seems clear that many trades and occupations will benefit in varying degree. A general 7 per cent wage increase was granted in the engineering industry. There has been a marked tendency on the part of employers to make deals with the trade unions outside the Communist C. G. T. and then to confront the C. G. T., whose terms are always stiffer, with a *fait accompli.*

In the "public sector" the raises will of course make another big hole in the budget, and one cannot help suspecting that the Queuille government was so scared by the spreading strikes that it offered a wage increase without waiting to see where it would find the necessary revenue. With the election so close, it may be tempted to resort to some plain currency inflation, or it may, as some have suggested, "get its money back" by increasing indirect taxation, which would in the main hit the low-income groups. Will the Paris underground, for instance, boost its fares again? Or will it be granted some form of state subsidy?

One thing to which the government would on no account agree was any sort of sliding scale. One has the feeling that it has "bought off" the strikers, and the rest of the working class, in an emergency but has solved nothing. It is not even certain how well the government's promises will be kept: in other words, how much of the increase will be paid and how much only promised. A year ago, for example, the gas and electricity workers were promised a revision of their wage scales if they went back to work, but last week they were still waiting for this promise to be kept. The threat of a wages-and-prices race, with wages always lagging behind, is very serious, especially since the government is firmly opposed to any kind of planning or effective controls; there are no serious illusions that the slight increase in the railwaymen's wages, provisionally raised from 14,000 to 18,000 francs a month (approximately $40 to $50), will prove more than a temporary expedient. Workers dispute the estimated 12½ per cent rise in the cost of living since August, 1950, reckoning it much greater; and the railwaymen's increase is only one-third what the Paris Métro workers asked for originally.

WHAT is the way out? Two courses widely discussed might be described as the "external" and the "internal" solution. The "external" one is curtailment of the rearmament program and liquidation of the war in Indo-China—this is strongly supported by the neutralists. The "internal" solution, urged by such a "pro-Atlantic" paper as the *Franc-Tireur*, makes maintenance of the standard of living of the working class dependent on a far-reaching reform of the entire French taxation system. Its proponents quote some interesting revenue figures for 1949: Whereas there are more than a million private cars in France, only 131,000 persons declared an income of more than $2,380 a year, and 272,000 persons declared an income of between $1,680 and $2,380. Only four million people out of a total "active" population of seventeen million paid any income tax at all, and of these four million more than half were wage-earners receiving an average of $740 a year. The 950,000 "personal commercial undertakings"—mostly shops—declared an average income of $630. The Ministry of Finance itself thought tax evasion might have been $700,000,000 in 1949, a very modest estimate.

Among the employer class some old convictions have lately found cynical new expression: there is much admiration, on the quiet, for General Franco's system of "free" prices and frozen wages, and a desire to see a "tough" government in France apply the same sort of policy. *Esprit*, in its last number, quoted some gems from a big employers' conference: "No need for running water in workers' dwellings; they can go and fetch it outside." "Perfectly good suits that will last five years can be bought for 3,600 francs ($10). Anyway the minimum wage should imply some hardship lest the fellows get lazy." "The unskilled worker puts a suit on only twice—to get married in and to get buried in." "Half a ton of coal for every worker? What for? On getting back from work he can go to bed and take his wife with him, and they'll both keep warm." This is not a collection of feeble jokes but quotations—the speakers' names are available—from the minutes of a recent meeting of a subcommittee of the Collective Contracts Commission at which family budgets were discussed.

After all the government talk about working-class inertia and the lack of fighting spirit, many observers were surprised by the great vigor of the strike movement. The French working class scored an unquestionable victory, but the future looks bleak, for all that.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Mr. Mencken

DISTURBER OF THE PEACE: THE LIFE OF H. L. MENCKEN. By William Manchester. With an Introduction by Gerald W. Johnson. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

THE latest attempt to put Mr. Mencken in a book takes the form of an intimate biography. Its every page proclaims it the work of a disciple. It is honest, lively, generous, brash, uppity, intransigent, self-consciously independent, and aggressively youthful.

The story moves swiftly and vividly. In the opening sentence Grandfather Mencken disembarks at Baltimore with five hundred dollars and a tobacconist's certificate in his wallet. In the final sentence, 102 years later, the grandson, quietly celebrating his seventieth birthday among old friends, blows out the candles on the cake. The whole book is like that, rich in detail, every sentence thrusting the saga onward, with no digressions into analysis or interpretation. There are comments by the way, but the narrative is never allowed to pause for them.

Some episodes have already been told, for the first crop of hard-cover disquisitions on the Sage of Baltimore—he was then the Baltimore Antichrist—was reviewed in these columns a full quarter-century ago, and Mr. Mencken himself had begun in his *Smart Set* days to experiment with reminiscential essays. His doings and utterances have long been news. Mr. Manchester passes quickly over the familiar, refurbishing it as he goes, adds much that is new, and has joined new and old into a generally well-proportioned narrative that affords an adequate outline of Mr. Mencken's career and portrays his charm, vigor, and humor with notable effect. He is slapdash in handling some details and in brushing in the background, but, such matters aside, the story is authentic.

Some scenes have been brilliantly realized, notably the first meeting with George Jean Nathan, which catches the quintessential spirit of young men's friendships in the magical hours of their beginning. Mr. Mencken's genius for friendship and his unending helpfulness to other writers receive their due. The two final chapters, on his marriage and the years following, are especially good, although the elegiac note is sounded insistently. During these years, after all, Mr. Mencken did write a large part of what seems sure to prove his most memorable work, but Mr. Manchester harbors the juvenile notion that a man of fifty is halfway up the crematory chimney.

An entertaining and informing book that spreads the contagion of its affection and admiration, but it has the limited aims of a popular biography. Critically, historically, and psychologically it does not venture far, and it is probably the better for not doing so. The author's skill is obviously in story-telling, not in criticism or analysis.

The title of the book means what it says. Mr. Manchester regards his hero primarily as an intellectual emancipator of youth, a smasher of idols, unstuffer of shirts, disturber of the peace, and measures the success of these enterprises by the decibel. Having studied Mr. Mencken's vast and fascinating collection of clippings about himself, he has charted precisely the annual fluctuations of adulation, abuse, and miscellaneous clamor, local and national. The noise has been terrific. The author makes a good story out of it but possibly overrates its significance.

Gerald Johnson seems to think so and insists politely in his introduction that there is another reason for esteeming Mr. Mencken; that his greatest influence has been exerted through "The American Language," and he is sure that influence will continue. There are other reasons. A generation ago he wrote the specifications for a new American literature, as well as for a better prose style, and got what he called for: whatever his limitations as a critic, he has been a literary force. In behalf of "dignity, decency, and honor"—a triad he used often—he has written some of the most trenchant and courageous editorials of our time, and he has not always proved a bad prophet. His greatest gift he has never quite understood, and in consequence he has been a poor editor of his own work, leaving much of his most characteristic writing in the files of newspapers and periodicals. For of his several talents the most precious is a comic spirit of extraordinary vitality, consistency, and brilliance. And behind the comic mask is a great humanist.

On his last page Mr. Manchester recalls Mr. Mencken's summary admonition to him: "Remember, write what you damn well please. But be sure to tell 'em I've always been a Christian. And a patriot." He has followed the admonition to the letter. When he goes farther, he will find someone more significant than a disturber of the peace.

GEORGE GENZMER

By Guess and by Gosh

THE WATER AND THE POWER. By Albert N. Williams. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $4.50.

AMERICA is in danger of becoming a have-not nation. Its high-grade reserves of iron ore are perilously near depletion. The oil of California, Texas, and Oklahoma will not last forever. The country's final stands of virgin timber are being stripped ruthlessly from the hills of Oregon and Washington.

But snow will always fall in the Western winter, and it will melt during the Western spring and summer which follow. As it surges off the mountains, vast quantities of hydroelectric power lurk in the booming rapids and plumed waterfalls. This power, in turn, can pump water on to arid but fertile land that needs only irrigation to grow alfalfa, apples, or row crops. This source of wealth is eternal, and Albert N. Williams has assayed it in an able and vivid book about the five great rivers of the West—the Colorado, the Rio Grande, the Sacramento, the Missouri, and the Columbia.

"Water is the one resource on earth which is never used up," writes Mr. Williams, whose own home is in the basin of the silt-laden Colorado. But the author shows how difficult it is, in our political hurly-burly, to bring about in-

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telligent use of water for the benefit of mankind. Land companies have resisted federal reclamation projects. Utility corporations have not wanted the restless Western rivers funneled into penstocks for the production of low-cost water power. Politicians block needed projects because they cannot decide who should receive the credit.

But the American West is not an entity, as Mr. Williams demonstrates. In the valley of the Colorado the up-river and the down-river states fight over water. If Arizona extends its irrigated tracts, California may not be able to quench the thirst and water the lawns of Los Angeles. In the watershed of the Columbia, by contrast, the rainfall in some places is 100 inches a year, and the problem is how to construct dams and yet divert the tremendous flow from the ramparts of the Selkirks and the Cascades.

Every person interested in the bitter quarrels over water in the Southwest should read "The Water and the Power." Arizona claims 1,200,000 acre-feet of the Colorado; California seeks 4,400,000 feet. But frequently there is not enough water to satisfy both demands, particularly now that Mexico has been pledged 1,500,000 acre-feet "to be delivered to the border."

This book correlates well with the report of the President's Water Resources Committee, headed by Morris L. Cooke. The United States lacks a genuine water policy. Everything is "by guess and by gosh." A valley authority here, the Bureau of Reclamation there, the Army Engineers everywhere—this is how the energy of our rivers is being tapped at present. And the necessary job isn't under way.

Mr. Williams points this up with special attention in his chapters on the Missouri. The Reclamation Bureau and the Corps of Engineers are the Hatfields and the McCoys of government agencies. Their six-shooters are always unlimbered. Each wants to foil the other along the Missouri. They plan projects on creeks a child could leap. "The truth of the matter," complains Mr. Williams, "seems to be that the Bureau of Reclamation is merely staking out possible rather than necessary projects, presumably to protect its vested interest in itself."

Roosevelt launched such undertakings as Bonneville, Shasta, and, the greatest of them all, Grand Coulee Dam. Yet these huge dams now are operated on an extremely casual basis. Three separate federal bureaus, for example, are involved in the distribution and generation of power at Bonneville. That excellent crusading daily, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has often cited the failure of the Administration to press for a regional authority in the watershed of the wide Missouri.

Mr. Williams's thorough and complete book contains a fine statement of the case for "postage-stamp" power rates. When the government projects first were erected, industries near the power plant sought lower charges for electricity. But President Roosevelt ruled otherwise. He pointed out that first-class mail cost a person in New York 3 cents an ounce, whether the letter went to Newark or to Spokane. "The postage-stamp arrangement," concludes Mr. Williams, "is the only possible method for the circulation of government-produced power if the hoped-for benefits are to be achieved over a wide region."

If there is any omission in this study of Western water and power, it is the failure of Albert N. Williams to discuss the proposed dams which might destroy Western scenic values. In the Dinosaur National Monument of Utah several projects are planned that conservationists fear may wreck the majesty of a great wilderness realm. This conflict has presumably led to the forced resignation of the director of the United States National Park Service. What has the author of "The Water and the Power" to say about projects that might turn our last solitudes into artificial lakes?

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Two Novels

THE DIVIDING OF TIME. By Elizabeth Sewell. Doubleday and Company. $2.75.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST. By Morley Callaghan. The Macmillan Company. $3.

ELIZABETH SEWELL is a young and very intellectual English poetess who is being introduced to the American public with a first novel that is apparently an autobiographical fairy tale. Those who are willing to struggle through this mysterious labyrinth with Miss Sewell's "I" will emerge with some vague ideas about her inner conflicts—as expressed in a series of trials which "I" undergoes with her seven selves—her conversion to Catholicism and her acceptance of the poet's high task.

It need not be held against "The Dividing of Time" that one seldom knows what is "going on" or for that matter why; the fantasy must be taken on its own terms. But the writer of fantasy does have the obligation—in exchange for the pleasure of mystifying his readers with a set of arbitrarily selected symbols—of telling a story in the strictest and most literal sense. The best of modern fairy tales, whether they are

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Kafka's stories, or Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince," or Herbert Read's "The Green Child," accept this obligation: they stimulate us into a concern with expanding circles of meanings by locating them within a factually patterned story.

Since Miss Sewell is a highly intelligent and sensitive writer, she attempts to cope with this problem by placing "I" in the highly charged atmosphere of war-time London, whence she floats off to meet Nebuchadnezzar, Samson, and so on. But she simply does not succeed in interesting us in the *literal* fate of "I," and if we are bored on this plane, how can our attention be commanded by the more serious questions of personal salvation with which we are asked to become involved?

Mr. Callaghan's heroine is also essentially uninteresting, but for very different reasons. Peggy, his little Montreal blonde, has a special love for Negroes, which is hideously misinterpreted even by the college professor-columnist who risks his career by his instinctive response to her saintliness. But he does not risk enough, and Peggy dies a martyr at the hands of those for whom she was willing to sacrifice herself. The point is clear enough, but Peggy is merely an abstraction, and her demise means only another page to be turned.

"The Loved and the Lost" is done in soft focus, like those portraits of pretty girls which photographers place in their front windows. Aiming, like the photographers, for tenderness, Mr. Callaghan rarely succeeds in being more than sentimental. There is in addition a mingling of the provincial and the old-fashioned in his latest novel, for all its neon lights, juke boxes, and drunken brawls, which makes one marvel at its remoteness from our own world.

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Group Against Group

THE SOCIAL CRISIS OF OUR TIMES. By Wilhelm Röpke. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

HERE is a statement of our social maladies that smacks of Ruskin's humanism and those romantic diatribes against the railroads when they first blackened England's countryside. Many of capitalism's afflictions have apparently emerged from mechanization and the division of labor more than from anything inherent in the social and economic system. Agricultural societies have been transformed rapidly into urban ones. Masses of workers, says Röpke, have been subjected to the exacting rhythm and discipline of specialization and reduced to a body devoid of pride in workmanship.

Inequalities in property and incomes, recurrent and widespread unemployment, concentration of economic and political power in progressively fewer hands—these are outward manifestations of our ailment. But the illness itself is spiritual. Röpke is dreadfully concerned with the individual's plight in an overwhelming universe which thwarts personal fulfilment. He condemns the "cult of the colossal" which permeates the capitalism of today just as he ridicules the answers offered by the "complete collectivism" of communism.

Where Marx saw the dynamics of capitalism as an insoluble struggle between owner and worker, Röpke views the conflict on other lines. Because each person's economic judgment "is more strongly determined by his position as a producer than as a consumer," groupism, we are told, has emerged among business men, workers, and farmers. It is no longer simply rich versus poor, farm versus industry, but rather organized groups against each other at the expense of unorganized individuals. Our "producer-mindedness," it appears, has resulted in laws which disrupt the market economy, lead to monopoly concessions, price rigidity, and even business cycles.

Fortunately Röpke's nostalgia for the peasantry of Scandinavia and France and the artisans of Austria and Switzerland does not so becloud his thinking as to render his views quixotic. For though he extols the social, moral, and political values of such societies, he obviously doubts we could turn back the clock "without jeopardizing the existence of millions of people." But he faces realistically the consequences of decentralizing and humanizing industry and finds hope in the fact that economic power may have become concentrated in part by reason of the defects of our legal and institutional framework. For, after all, men make laws, and laws can be changed and enforced.

Without apparent evidence, he discounts the possibility that socialist institutions, though they prevent men from expressing themselves in certain ways, might conceivably offer equally desirable outlets not found in competitive societies. His views here are hardly unusual among liberals cut of Röpke's cloth. None the less, where competition cannot be made to work for *technological* reasons, he justifies public monopoly. Indeed, his list for state operation is somewhat more extensive than we might expect, and includes radio and other communications.

Unfortunately Röpke offers no consistent criteria by which to draw the line between public and private endeavor. Nor does he consider which trade practices are really "monopolistic" and which may actually give us more competition than would their abolition. Even more disturbing, in his feverish concern with "bigness" Röpke ignores a new stream of thought—that the growth of national wealth, if not of welfare, may be more rapid where some element of monopoly cushions the innovator. This may be incorrect, but be-

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fore it is tested, why prefer the opposite view?

Röpke tells us little that is new, though his curious blending of ideas will intrigue those concerned with major social problems. HARVEY LEVIN

Books in Brief

THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE, 1910-1935. By Frank Swinnerton. Farrar, Straus. $4. A revised edition—omitting some of Mr. Swinnerton's comments on himself—of this highly personalized piece of cultural history. Mr. Swinnerton is sometimes acute, sometimes obtuse, but he is out to deflate what he calls the "modn," and the one consistent impression he manages to leave of his contemporaries is that none of them from Henry James on was any great shakes as a writer—or at least no greater shakes than Mr. S.

THE SACRED RIVER: AN APPROACH TO JAMES JOYCE. By L. A. G. Strong. Pellegrini and Cudahy. $2.35. A brief study, written mainly for an Irish public. In a critical sense, it goes over familiar ground somewhat perfunctorily, though Mr. Strong makes a fresh contribution to Joyce lore from his special knowledge of Irish singers and Irish singing. The last chapter is an attempt to rehabilitate "Finnegans Wake" in the eyes of the orthodox as a work of morals and theology.

Drama

MARGARET MARSHALL

THE latest musical comedy of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d, "The King and I" (St. James Theater) has a great deal of charm. I need hardly say that it is very pretty to look at, since no expense has been spared, Jo Mielziner and Irene Sharaff know how to combine glamour with taste, and the Siamese motif gives them scope.

The trouble is that there is too much charm for the amount of wit that has gone into the production. And the final effect is similar to that of a salad dressing made with too much oil and too little vinegar. Moreover, some of the charm is derived from corn and the wit is also adulterated—by a reverence for the eternal verities that overwhelmed the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein in "Allegro" and makes serious inroads on some of the scenes of "The King and I." I came away feeling that irreverence rather than brevity may be the soul of wit.

Fortunately, Gertrude Lawrence has the leading role. She may not much resemble the Anna who went to the court of Siam, but her showmanship and skill, her humor and élan, keep the piece from sagging too often or for too long. Even Miss Lawrence, however, can do little with the last scene.

Fortunately, too, Jerome Robbins of "Fancy Free" was called in to do the choreography. His ballet, "The Small House of Uncle Tom"—an American choreographer's free and fanciful Siamese interpretation (if you follow me) of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is the wittiest and most imaginative number in the show. Little Eva, Uncle Tom, and Eliza in Siamese costume are delightful to begin with, but the paces through which Mr. Robbins puts them—and his use particularly of Siamese dance positions and steps—are deliciously funny. I might add that Mr. Robbins shows reverence neither for Siam nor for Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the result is a ballet that would, I am sure, generate amity in Bangkok as well as New York.

The next best number is the schoolroom scene. The children of the King, especially the littler ones, are genuinely charming, and Miss Lawrence has them well in hand.

Some of the songs are pleasant, though none are outstanding. The lyrics are well enough, though several of them seem to be based on the proposition that there is no real difference between prose and verse. The first act is much the better of the two—the second is saved by the Robbins ballet.

Yul Brynner as the King plays a rather difficult part very well, but in the end the script defeats him as it does Miss Lawrence—not because it gets serious but because it gets solemn and thin and is long drawn out.

Films

MANNY FARBER

THE death of Val (Vladimir) Lewton, Hollywood's top producer of B movies, occurred during the final voting on the year's outstanding film contributors. The proximity of these two events underlines the significant fact that Lewton's horror productions ("Death Ship," "The Body Snatchers," "Isle of the Dead"), which always conveyed a very visual, unorthodox artistry, were never recognized as "Oscar"-worthy. On the other hand, in acclaiming people like Ferrer, Mankiewicz, and Holliday, the industry has indicated its esteem for bombshells who disorganize the proceedings on the screen with their flamboyant eccentricities and relegate the camera to the role of passive bit player.

Lewton always seemed a weirdly misplaced figure in Hollywood. He specialized in gentle, scholarly, well-wrought productions that were as modest in their effects as his estimate of himself.

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Said he: "Years ago I wrote novels for a living, and when RKO was looking for a horror producer, someone told them I had written horrible novels. They misunderstood the word horrible for horror and I got the job." Having taken on the production of low-cost thrillers (budgeted under $500,000) about pretty girls who turn into man-eating cats or believe in zombies, Lewton started proving his odd idea, for a celluloid entertainer, that "a picture can never be too good for the public." This notion did not spring from a desire to turn out original, non-commercial films, for Lewton never possessed that kind of brilliance or ambition; it came instead from a pretty reasonable understanding of his own limitations. Unlike the majority of Hollywood craftsmen, he was so bad at supplying the kind of "punch" familiar to American films that the little mayhem he did manage was crude, poorly motivated, and as incredible as the Music Hall make-up on his Indians in "Apache Drums"—the last and least of his works. He also seemed to have a psychological fear of creating expensive effects, so that his stock in trade became the imparting of much of the story through such low-cost suggestions as frightening shadows. His talents were those of a mild bibliophile whose idea of "good" cinema had too much to do with using quotes from Shakespeare or Donne, bridging scenes with a rare folk song, capturing climate with a description of a West Indian dish, and in the pensive sequences making sure a bit player wore a period mouth instead of a modern lipsticky one. Lewton's efforts not infrequently suggested a minor approximation of "Jane Eyre."

The critics who called Lewton the "Sultan of shudders" and "Chillmaster" missed the deliberate quality of his insipidly normal characters, who reminded one of the actors used in small-town movie ads for the local grocery or shoe store. Lewton and his script-writers collaborated on sincere, adult pulp stories which gave sound bits of knowledge on subjects like zoanthropia or early English asylums while steering almost clear of formula horror.

"The Curse of the Cat People," for instance, was simply for the over-conscientious parent of a problem child. The film is about a child (Ann Carter) who worries or antagonizes the people around her with her daydreaming; the more they caution and reprimand, the more she withdraws to the people of her fantasies for "friends." When she finds an old photograph of her father's deceased, psychopathic first wife (Simone Simon, the cat woman of an earlier film), she sees her as one of her imagined playmates; the father fears his daughter has become mentally ill and is under a curse. His insistence that she stop daydreaming brings about the climax, and the film's conclusion is that he should have more trust and faith in his daughter and her visions. Innocuous plots such as these were fashioned with peculiar ingredients that gave them an air of genteel sensitivity and enchantment; there was the dry documenting of a bookworm, an almost delicate distrust of excitement, economical camera and sound effects, as well as fairy-tale titles and machinations.

The chilling factor came from the perverse process of injecting tepid thrills with an eyedropper into a respectable story, a technique Lewton and his favorite script-writer, Donald Henderson Clarke, picked up during long careers of writing sex shockers for drugstore book racks. While skittering daintily away from concrete evidences of cat women or brutality, they would concentrate with the fascination of a "voyeur" on unimportant bric-a-brac, reflections, domestic animals, so that the camera would take on the faintly unhealthy eye of a fetishist. The morbidity came from the obsessive preoccupation with which writers and camera men brought out the voluptuous reality of things like a dangerously swinging ship's hook, which was inconspicuously knocking men overboard like tenpins.

Lewton's most accomplished maneuver was making the audience think much more about his material than it warranted. Some of his devices were the usual ones of hiding leading information, having his people murdered offstage, or cutting into a murderous moment in a gloomy barn with a shot of a horse whinnying. He, however, hid much more of his story than any other film-maker, and forced his crew to create drama almost abstractly with symbolic sounds, textures, and the like that made the audience hyper-conscious of sensitive craftsmanship. He imperiled his characters in situations that didn't call for outsized melodrama and permitted the use of a journalistic camera—for example, a sailor trying to make himself heard over the din of a heavy chain that is burying him inside a ship's locker. He would use a spray-shot technique that usually consisted of oozing suggestive shadows across a wall, or watching the heroine's terror on a lonely walk, and then add a homey wind-up of the cat woman trying to clean her conscience in a bathtub decorated with cat paws. This shorthand method allowed Lewton to ditch the laughable aspects of improbable events and give the remaining bits of material the strange authenticity of a daguerreotype.

Unfortunately, his directors (he discovered Robson and Wise in the cutting department) became so delirious about scenic camera work that they used little imagination on the acting. But the sterile performances were partly due to Lewton's unexciting idea that characters should always be sweet, "like the people who go to the movies"—a notion that slightly improved such veteran creeps as Karloff but stopped the more talented actors (Kent Smith, Daniell) dead in their tracks. Lewton's distinction always came from his sense of the soundly constructed novel; his $200,000 jobs are so skilfully engineered in pace, action, atmosphere that they have lost none of the haunting effect they had when released years ago.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

HERE is a report on some recent recordings of operas:

"Don Giovanni" (Haydn Society). Though Stabile's voice has little sensuous beauty left, it is still agreeable enough, and his singing is enlivened by the dramatic animation which gives extraordinary effect to the recitatives. Pernerstorfer, the Leporello, and Poell, the Masetto, are excellent; Handt, the Ottavio, uses a colorless voice with taste; Hilde Konetzni is a good Elvira; but there is no charm in the singing of Heusser, the Zerlina (the tempos of her arias are too fast for the prescribed

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grazioso), and Grob-Prandl, the Anna, has a harsh, tremulous voice which cannot cope with the florid passages of *Non mi dir*. The orchestra is the inferior Vienna Symphony (not the Philharmonic of the State Opera); Swarowsky is not a conductor who can make it sound any better than it is; and the performance has a coarseness which contrasts strikingly with the refinement of execution and sonority, the sensitive phrasing of the old Glyndebourne Festival performance (which RCA Victor will reissue on LP next fall). Violins are stridently sharp.

"Idomeneo" (Mercury). This turns out to be the Wolf-Ferrari revision; and the notes in the album contain the inevitable reference to "the purist" who will object to, among other things, the omission of Elektra's extraordinary final aria. I do object, and advise you to stick to the original.

"Fidelio" (Oceanic). Some of Pflüger's slow tempos are almost as damaging to the music as Bäumer's tremolo-ridden singing of Leonore's *Abscheulicher!* aria. But the other singers and the orchestra and chorus of the Leipzig Mitteldeutsche Rundfunk are good; and the recording provides a means of hearing some of the greatest dramatic music after Mozart's—the wonderful first-act quartet, Leonore's duet with Rocco after her aria, the tremendous introduction to the dungeon scene and Florestan's *Gott! welch Dunkel hier*, the duet, trio, and quartet that follow, the sublime *O Gott! welch' ein Augenblick* at the end. There are high-frequency distortion near the ends of some sides and occasional stridency in the violin sound.

Act 2 of "Die Meistersinger" (London). Some of the most beautiful music of Wagner's finest work, superbly sung and played by Gueden, Treptow, Schöffler, and other soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera under Knappertsbusch. A few constricted high notes of Treptow, an occasional questionable tempo of Knappertsbusch (e.g. the excessively slow concluding page) are the flaws in the performance; singers up close obscuring the orchestra in back, and the violin sound veiled are the flaws in the reproduction; and there are several momentary breaks. Americans will be hearing the act for the first time without the cuts in the Sachs-Beckmesser scene made at the Metropolitan—cuts which are retained in the Metropolitan libretto provided with the records.

"Salome" (Oceanic). Along with things like the dreadful Dance of the Seven Veils this work has effective and beautiful pages which culminate in Salome's final monologue, the high point of Strauss's writing for the stage. The performance by soloists and orchestra of the Dresden State Opera under Keilberth is excellent, except for Goltz's occasional excessive tremolo in high notes; the singers are again up close and the orchestra in back and a little distant.

"Elektra" (Cetra-Soria). Strauss's prodigious technical mastery fills out much of the time with mere hubbub, and for the big moments he has only a sugary style which is incongruous as well as inadequate. The performance is the one conducted by Mitropoulos in Florence last May, with singers from the Vienna Opera and chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. Anny Konetzni, the Elektra, sings with the tremolo-ridden shreds of a voice; the singing of Ilitsch, the Chrysothemis, is sharp-edged; and the only good singing is that of Mödl, the Klytemnestra. But the orchestra's performance is superb; and fortunately it comes off the records in front of the singers.

Peter Anders's singing of Ottavio's arias from "Don Giovanni" (in German, unfortunately), *Dies Bildnis* from "The Magic Flute," and three arias from "Die Entführung" on a Capitol LP is good.

Fedora Barbieri's singing of Azucena's arias from "Il Trovatore" on a noisy-surfaced Columbia 78 is very fine; but there are excessive tremolo and shrillness in parts of *O don fatale* from "Don Carlo" and *Re dell' abisso* from "Un Ballo in Maschera" on another.

A London LP offers remarkably beautiful singing by Suzanne Danco in *Ah! fors è lui* and *Sempre libera* from "La Traviata," Micaela's aria from "Carmen," *Divinités du Styx* from "Alceste," and *When I am laid in earth* from "Dido and Aeneas." Arias from "Louise" and "Manon" are also on the record, which has a pronounced hum.

Pagliughi's performances of arias from "Rigoletto," "La Sonnambula," "The Pearl Fishers," "Lucia," and "The Daughter of the Regiment" have been dubbed from the Parlophone 78's onto a Decca LP which reproduces her lovely voice of earlier years, but with occasional distortion.

On one RCA Victor LP Traubel sings part of Isolde's Narrative (with Brangäne's part omitted) and the Finale from "Tristan," Elisabeth's Prayer from "Tannhäuser," and *Euch Lüften* from "Lohengrin"; on another Elsa's Dream, Senta's Ballad from "Der fliegende Holländer," *Ich sah das Kind* from "Parsifal," and some "bleeding chunks" of "Die Walküre" and "Die Götterdämmerung." The voice is lovely in its lowest range; as it goes higher (E and above) it loses warmth and luster and becomes tremulous; but some of the high notes are clear and powerful.

The London record of excerpts from "Parsifal" is something to skip.

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Letters to the Editors

Korea's Costly Freedom

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of March 24 reader Jacob D. Hammer criticizes you for objecting to the total destruction of Korean villages because of the activities of a few snipers. He declares that "our men are in Korea to save the people's freedom and not their homes." Of course, if the Koreans are so foolish as to be living in their homes when the bombs fall, well, that's just too bad.

Even if one takes Mr. Hammer's hypothesis at face value, the fallacy in his reasoning is evident. How can you save a man's freedom if you take away his life in the attempt? And what is worth more to the poor Korean peasant, his life or some vague concept of freedom which he certainly has never experienced and knows nothing about? Furthermore, how can we be fighting for freedom when we support a regime like Syngman Rhee's which is the very antithesis of freedom and democracy?

By these maniacal acts—there is no other word which can describe them—the United States is losing the faith of people all over the world.

LAWRENCE GRASIN

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 24

Contempt and Due Process

Dear Sirs: My article in the January 13 issue of *The Nation,* The Legal Defense of Hated Men, considered among other matters the contempt proceedings against the lawyers who defended the "Communist eleven." A supplementary observation is necessary.

Judge Medina held the attorneys guilty of "a deliberate and wilful attack upon the administration of justice" and acts of grave misconduct. Further study requires a sharper separation of the two types of offense—conspiracy and specific misdeeds.

As to the specific acts, Judge Medina could, at the moment of offense, have cited the lawyers for contempt and fixed a punishment to be applied then or later. He could have done so under the provisions for summary contempt action embodied in the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, Rule 42 (a). Instead he read the contempt citation, embodying both conspiracy and "offensive act" charges, at the end of the trial and then imposed penalties—all by summary judgment. At that time and since the lawyers involved have insisted that they should have had a hearing as required under Rule 42 (b); they contend that summary procedure is possible only when the contempt is committed in the court's "actual presence" and that it cannot be stretched out in time. These are not mere legalistic arguments; they lie at the heart of due process.

Professors Fowler Harper and David Haber explore the whole problem in Lawyer Troubles in Political Trials in the *Yale Law Journal* of January, 1951. Their chief conclusion appears to be that the conspiracy charge was inextricably woven into the contempt citation and punishment, that a conspiracy charge must by its nature be presented in a hearing, and that the Appellate Court erred in sustaining the citation for separated-out "offensive acts."

G. LOUIS JOUGHIN

New York, March 18

Spell of Ingersoll

Dear Sirs: Joseph Wood Krutch's review of "The Letters of Robert G. Ingersoll" in *The Nation* of March 3 is doubtlessly a reasonably fair and impersonal evaluation. It would be interesting to see an equal degree of impersonality in a review of the currently extolled "London Journal" of James Boswell. Most reviews of the Boswell book stressed the sort of person Boswell revealed himself to be in his writings. No reviewer of Colonel Ingersoll's writings acquainted with the personality behind them could have produced the distorted emphasis of Mr. Krutch's review.

It is a pity that Mr. Krutch never experienced the spell cast by Colonel Ingersoll when he lectured. Had he ever done so, I doubt that he would have in his mind the picture of a money-making "corporation lawyer." And had he experienced the compelling warmth and candor of a large and kindly heart, he would have seen more than a few high-flown figures of speech in writings which were always notable for a broad humanism, honestly thought and openly expressed. EDWARD H. DAVIS

Waterbury, Conn., March 1

Through the Nylon Curtain

Dear Sirs: The article Morocco Wants Freedom by Claude Bourdet (*The Nation,* March 24) makes a peephole in the nylon curtain we have drawn over exploited and neglected peoples under Western rule. It is refreshing after all the nonsense and fairy tales we have had about North Africa.

NICHOLAS KLEIN

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 26

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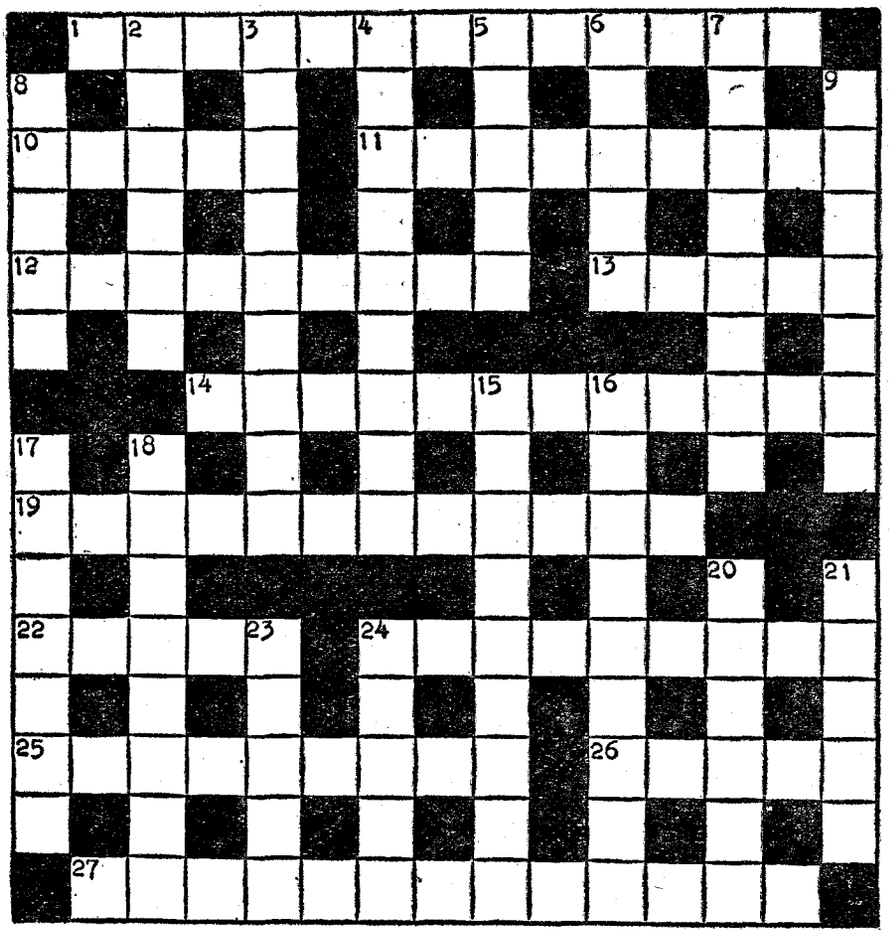
Crossword Puzzle No. 408

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Tempus fugit (but with the infantry rather than the A. C.) (4, 7, 2)
10 The Polish general doesn't get back up for the late Englishman. (5)
11 Help back a broken series of dots. (Makes the coop a communal enterprise!) (9)
12 John Stuart's coloring? (No meal without one!) (9)
13 He sings the prologue in, too! (5)
14 What we await after exposure. (12)
19 It makes even parting last. (12)
22 The Astor seems to be quite a joint! (5)
24 Bramble barrier for the psychologist. (9)
25 The ban in Albania, among other things. (5, 4)
26 and 16 The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. (5, 3, 2, 1, 3)
27 What the frisky tow-mule goes for? (1, 3, 2, 3, 4)

DOWN

2 Shouldn't be put on top of an injury. (6)
3 Vile cast, perhaps? (4, 5)
4 How a dead Roman gets to heaven. (9)
5 Make graven in pursuit. (5)
6 It might be snowy in North America. (5)
7 The old name was halved, so in with it now for a change. (8)
8 True sound. (5)
9 The sort of pose to employ if you want to marry. (7)
15 In the mashed potato she found her calling. (9)
16 See 26.
17 Where one might learn nothing superior to the European city. (7)
18 One of Kipling's impostors. (8)
20 An unfeminine sort of oil goes into the fruit cake. (6)
21 Straight up or straight down, and obviously horizontal vertically. (5)
23 The wrong rut to get in after one sees the city. (5)
24 Claw the undealt cards. (5)

• • ● • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 407

ACROSS:—1 NIP AND TUCK; 6 and 14 BEAR TO THE RIGHT; 10 COASTER; 11 and 25 A PRETTY PENNY; 12 FACTIONS; 13 APRIL; 15 OTTER; 17 ILLOGICAL; 19 HOP-SCOTCH; 21 DATES; 23 REEFS; 24 SYNOPSIS; 27 GRAVELY; 28 RANGOON; 29 TEDS; 30 BRANDYWINE.

DOWN:—1 NICK; 3 NOT IT; 4 TERRORIST; 5 CHAPS; 7 ENTERIC; 8 ROYAL FLUSH; 9 ARRANGED; 16 RECESSED; 18 LOHENGRIN; 20 and 2 POET AND PEASANT; 22 TRIPOLI; 24 SHYER; 26 ONCE.

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